

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM



Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES "D" IS FOR DESERT... AND DANGER

WELL, THANKS TO
THIS MODERN AIR AGE,
HERE WE ARE IN PARISROCK
LOOKING AT THE
EIFFLESTONE TOWER!

THIS THREE-
DAY TOUR PLAN
IS SO REASONABLE,
TOO!



BETTY AND I WILL KEEP THE
CHILDREN WITH US WHILE YOU
BOYS LOOK UP YOUR LOCAL LODGE!

THEN WE'LL MEET BACK
AT THE HOTEL—AND THEN
BARN AND I WILL WATCH
THE KIDS!

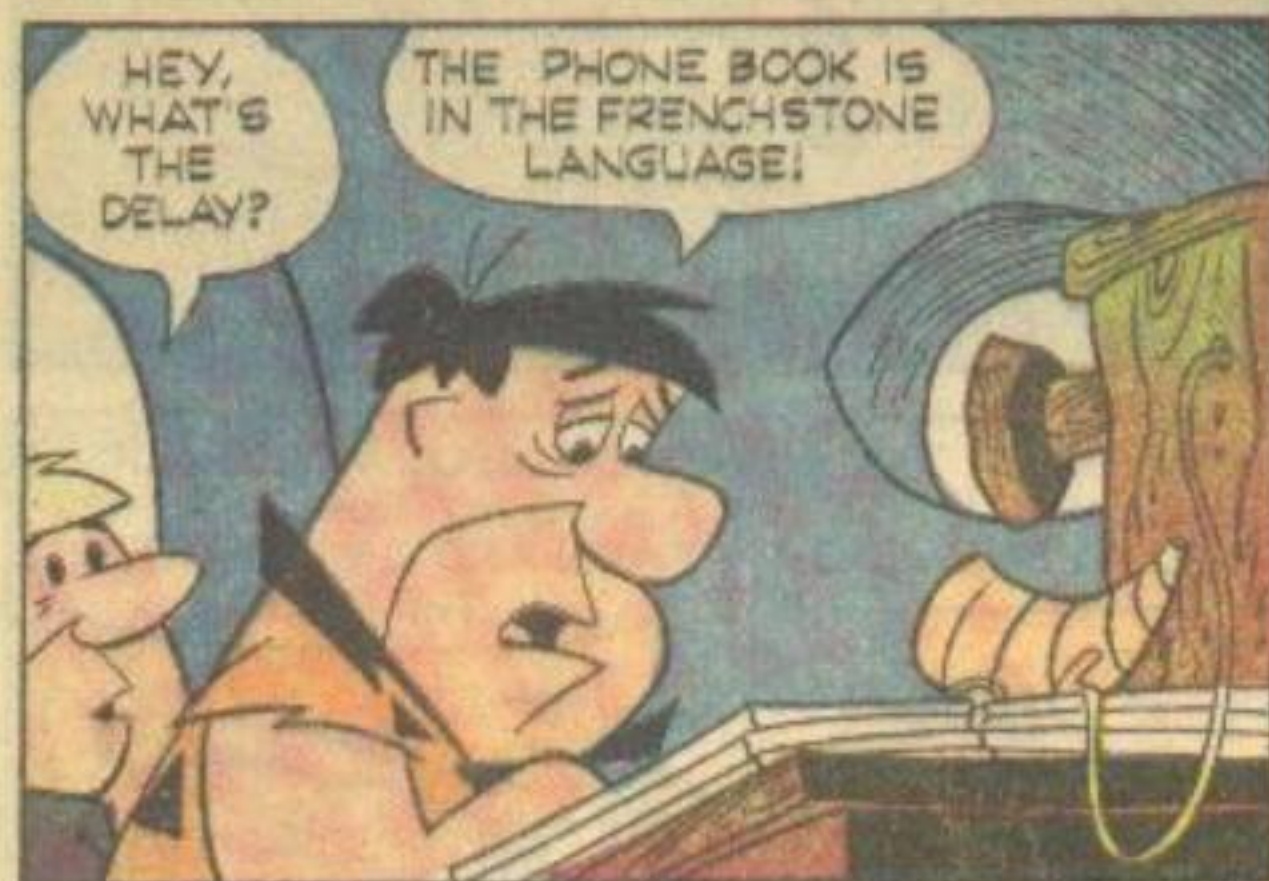


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QUICK, BARN,
DUCK DOWN THIS
ALLEY AND INTO
A DOOR!

I'M
RIGHT
WITH
YOU!

HALT!



LOCAL
CHAPTER,
BALONEY!

SHH!



AFTER THEM,
MEN! THEY MUST BE
SPIES FOR ZEE SHEIK
OF SAHARASAND!



THEY'VE GONE, BARN! (WHEW!)

WE COME AS
TOURISTS, GET INTO
THE FOREIGN LEGION,
AND NOW WE'RE
SPIES! BROTHER!



BROTHERS!

THIS
PLACE
HAS AN
ECHO!

HUH?



QUICK,
THIS WAY,
BROTHERS!

IT'S A
WALKING
ECHO!

SOUNDS
FRIENDLY!



SAY, PAL,
MAYBE YOU
CAN HELP
US OUT!

YEAH!
WE'RE IN
TROUBLE!

THAT'S WHAT I INTEND
TO DO...QUICK...GET INTO
THIS TRUNK!







OMIGOSH! WE'RE
ON A JETASAUROS
HEADED FOR A
BIG BEACH!

THAT'S THE
SAHARASAND
DESERT, FRED!



THAT GUY WASN'T
FOOLIN'! HE THINKS
WE'RE SPIES AND
HE'S SENDING US
TO THE SHEIK!

I THINK
WE'RE
LANDING...



YEAH!
WE'RE GOING
DOWN, ALL
RIGHT!

FAST,
TOO!



UG!

OOF!

PLUNK!

AH, THERE ARE THE
TWO LEGIONNAIRE SPIES
NOW—JUST AS AGENT X
REPORTED!



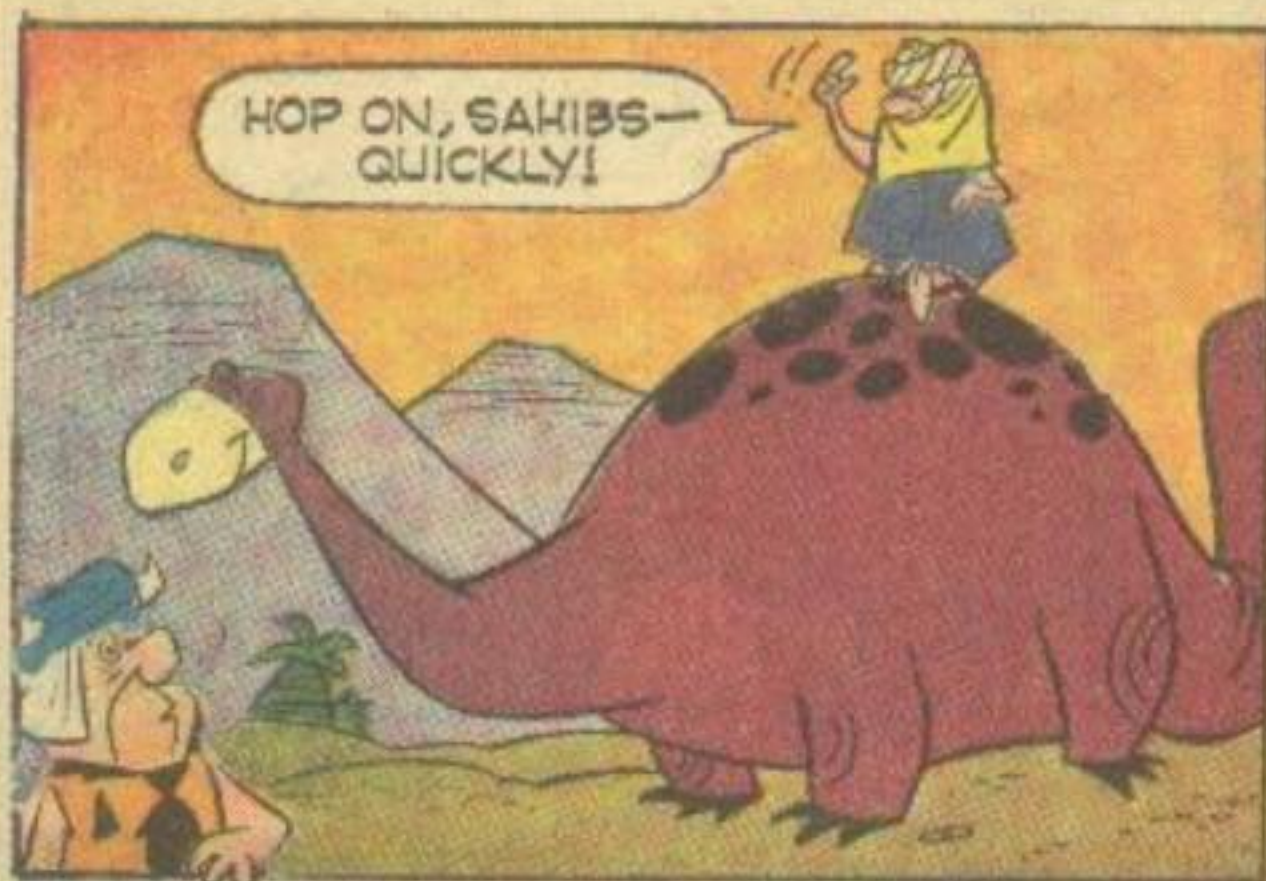
BOY, THESE JET
LANDINGS LEAVE
LOTS OF ROOM
FOR IMPROVEMENT!

SAHIBS!



TOURISTS,
LEGIONNAIRES,
SPIES... NOW
WE'RE
SAHIBS!

I HOPE THAT'S
GOOD!















Zoom!



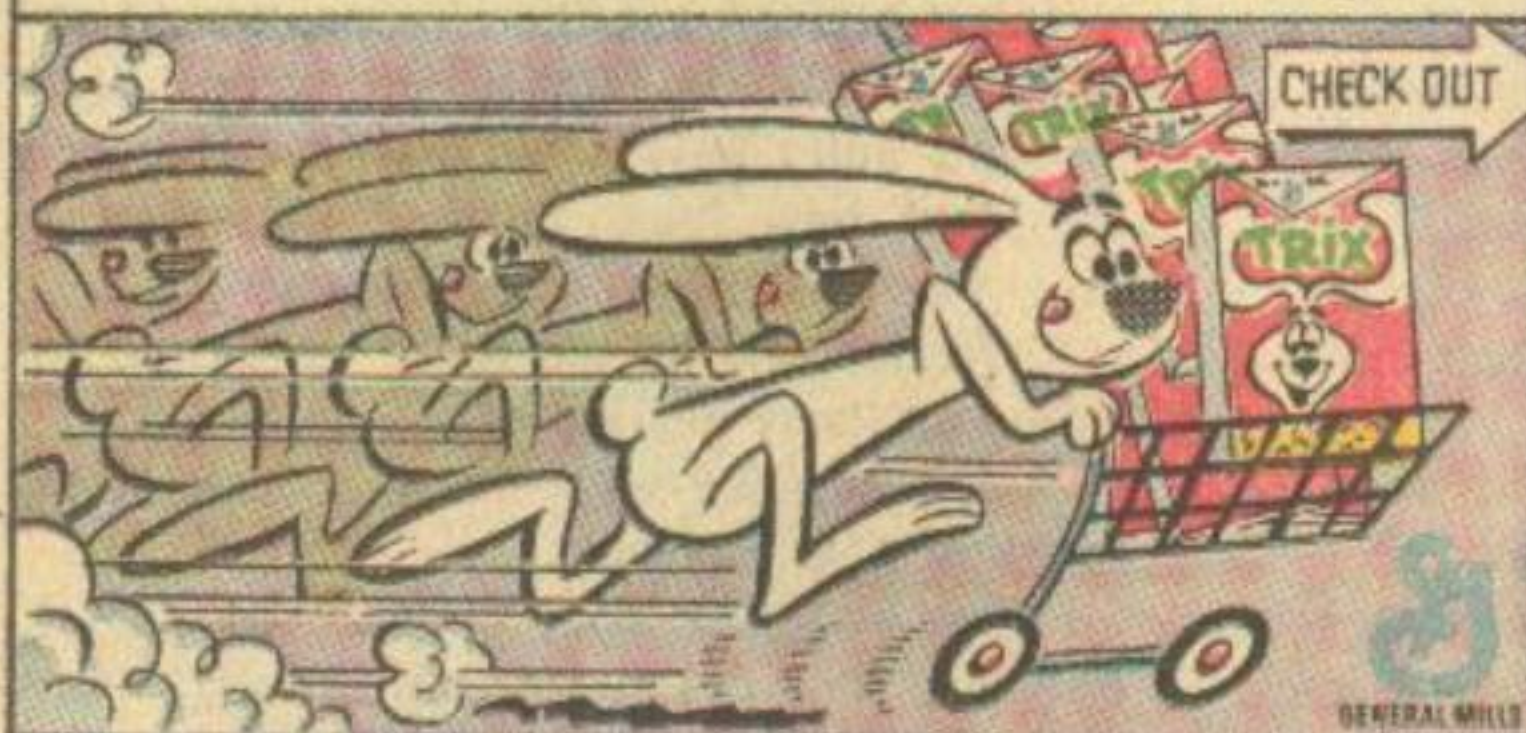
HOW'S TRIX?

WORTH SHOPPING
AROUND FOR...

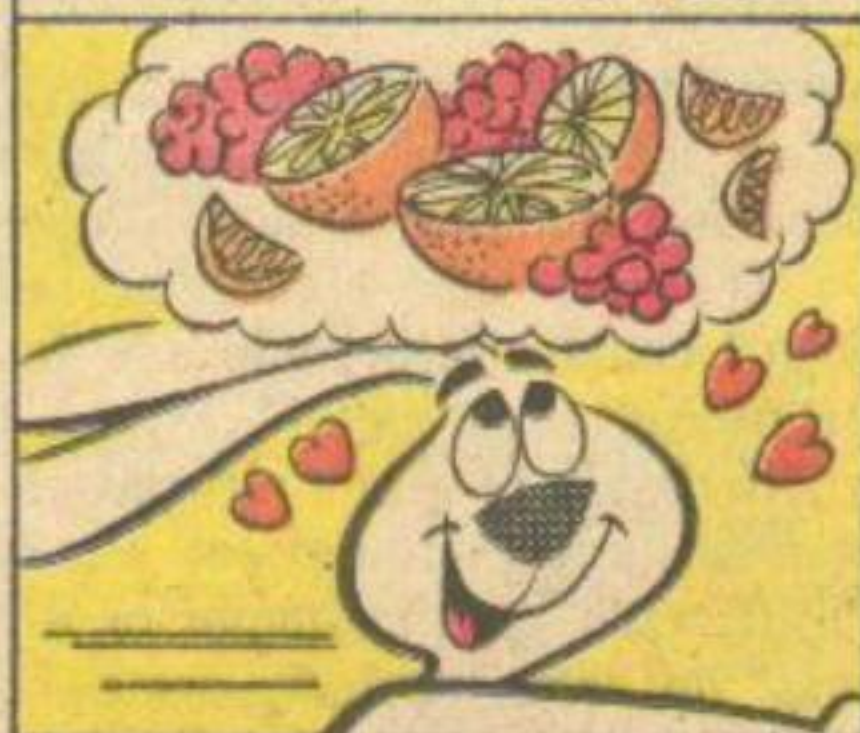
TRIX ...THE CORN CEREAL WITH...



THE TANGY TASTE OF NATURAL FRUIT!



FRUIT COLORS, TOO!



AND AS WE ALL KNOW...



BONANZA
DOCTOR SOLAR
DANIEL BOONE
MIGHTY SAMSON
THE TWILIGHT ZONE
KORAK, SON OF TARZAN
THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.
BORIS KARLOFF TALES OF MYSTERY

YOU GET MORE
ADVENTURE
AND
ACTION

TOTAL WAR
THE PHANTOM
THE LONE RANGER
TARZAN OF THE APES
TUROK, SON OF STONE
MAGNUS, ROBOT FIGHTER
RIPLEY'S TRUE WAR STORIES
VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

GOLD KEY COMICS



Perry Gunnite squirmed and shifted in his office chair, as he sat with his feet on the desk and thumbed through a magazine.

"This miserable chair!" he muttered. "I wish I could afford some new furniture for my office!"

The tinkle of a bell attached to the door warned Perry that someone was coming.

"It could be a customer or a bill collector," he said, hurriedly removing his feet from the desk and hiding the magazine. "In either case I've got to look busy!"

However, it was not a bill collector. It was Bedrock's park commissioner.

"Good to see you, Mister Commissioner!" Perry beamed, putting out his hand. "I'm sorry I don't have a chair to offer you! You should have brought one of your park benches, ha ha!"

The commissioner ignored Perry's hand.

"Humph! You're either a wise guy or a mind reader, because I came here about a park bench," he snorted. "Somebody stole one from the city park!"

"Couldn't the police handle a routine job like that?" Perry queried.

"Not this one!" the commissioner said. "This particular bench was donated to the park by J. G. Gotrocks himself!"

"The richest man in town?"

"The same! And if he finds out we were so careless he might refuse to donate anything else to the park. It's a very delicate matter, Mr. Gunnite!"

Perry agreed, and said he'd do his best to find the bench before Mr. Gotrocks discovered it was missing. He hurried to the

scene of the crime to look for clues, but he found nothing... just an empty spot and a sign that read: THIS BENCH GENEROUSLY DONATED BY J. G. GOTROCKS.

Perry paced back and forth. "Who in the world would want to steal a park bench?" he asked himself out loud.

"Nobody in his right mind would steal THAT bench!" said a voice behind him. "It was the most uncomfortable bench in the whole park."

Perry turned to see a bedraggled tramp. Maybe he could provide a clue.

"When did you last see the bench?" he asked the tramp.

"Last night!" was the answer. "And I saw old J. G. Gotrocks himself sitting on it!"

"You don't say!" said Perry. "Thanks a lot. Here, have lunch on me," he added, as he tossed the tramp some money.

"Wonder why he did that?" muttered the tramp as Perry hurried off.

A few minutes later Perry arrived at the home of J. G. Gotrocks.

"This is just a wild hunch," he said to himself, "but if I'm going to goof, I might as well do it on a grand scale!"

Mr. Gotrocks was at home, and Perry lost no time in coming to the point.

"Tell me, sir, why did you remove that bench from the park?" Perry asked.

Mr. Gotrocks was momentarily surprised, but he recovered himself quickly.

"Why, to have it UPHOLSTERED!" he said. "That bench was the most uncomfortable thing I ever sat on! I wouldn't want my name associated with such a bench!"

"But, sir, you should have told the park commissioner that you took the bench. He is worried about it!" Perry added.

"Then go tell him you've found it," Mr. Gotrocks laughed.

Perry reported his discovery, and a week later the park commissioner found Perry in the park reclining on Mr. Gotrocks' newly upholstered bench.

"How come you're not in your office?" he asked.

"Well," Perry replied. "I'm getting new office furniture tomorrow, but meanwhile I thought I might as well be comfortable instead of sitting in that old back-breaking chair of mine at the office."

Hanna-Barbara
CAVE KIDS The UNSCHOOLED SCHOLAR

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

CHILDREN... COME BACK!
OUR STONE SCHOOLHOUSE
CAN'T BURN!



SAY...
THAT'S
RIGHT!

BUT THEN WHY
IS SOMEBODY
YELLING FIRE?



FIRE! FIRE!

IT SEEMS
TO BE COMING
FROM THE
SHORE!



OH, IT'S THE
SHOOTING
KIND OF FIRE
THAT PARROT
IS YELLING!

YOUNG MAN...
WHO ARE YOU?

FIRE!

AHOY, MA'AM!
SALTY O'REEF
IS THE NAME!

Zok!









Hanna-Barbara
THE FLINTSTONES

DOING DOUBLE DUTY







A FEW DAYS PASS...







THE NEXT MORNING...

IMAGINE ME CALLING
BOWLING PINS MILK BOTTLES!
HA-HA! AND VICE VERSA! HA-HA!

I BET BARN
THINKS THIS EXTRA
WORK IS GETTING
ME DOWN!

CLATTER!
CLATTER!

PIPE DOWN
OUT THERE!!

POW!

CLATTER!

YOU ASKED FOR
IT, BUSTER!

CLATTER!
CLATTER!

SOME PEOPLE ARE
SURE GROUCHES! GIDDAP,
MILLY!

GROAN!

SNAP!

THIS MAY WORK
ON HARRY, BUT
NOT ME!

UG!

AND...

GRUNT!

'BYE, DEAR!

GOOBA
DOOBA!

HURRY UP,
BARNEY!

'BYE-BYE,
BAMM-BAMMI!

BAMM-
BAMM!



